CHAPTER XXXII

"If I Could Only Die!" ER that scene in the library she had not seen her husband; she had of to bed and lain there in the ahivering with excitement and sion, trying to see into the fuand find some penetrating light in

ster blackness.

I she went away with Wharton would marry Lilith; she stuck to thought with dogged obstinacy; se went away perhaps John would s little sorry; perhaps then he id remember that she had once

The Little Helptonites would have thing to talk about; she langhed the thought; she knew so well what would say-that it was all one ber would say—that it was an one add expect from a Dangerfield; look at the way she had been brought up, the way she had been brought up, the way she had been brought up, it was only a wonder she had done something much worse!

Ir. Ashford would be sorry persishe had been such a kind friend. The wind it was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In Ashford would try to defend her was sure.

In I wish I could go to the South of France," she lamented. "I had one perfect winter there." she sighed, thinking of her husband.

In Ashford would in the was sure.

In Ashford would be sorry persished about the weather, and said that she hated the English climate.

If I wish I could go to the South of France," she lamented. "I had one perfect winter there." she sighed, thinking of her husband.

If I was only a wonder she had hardly spoke; he avoided now.

heart had seemed to stand still the she heard that message; it seemed if Fate was hurrying things on—his her on to a precipitate end; the John away there would be nothing beep her from making her plans for the future.

she passed the door of the room here Lilith slept. Harden stood in the hall; he wore

tightened its hold of the balus-

we been impossible to guess from it where heart was racing.

"Yes; can you spare me a few moments? I won't keep you long."

She followed him into the library.

After a moment, as he did not speak,

the asked a question:
"Shall you be away long?"
"I am going to London. I shall stay

that I have been called abroad—
America, anywhere—what does it matter!—and then——"
Molly turned her face to him; she
was very white, and her lips felt stiff
to she tried to speak.

"You mean—you mean that you are
not coming back?" she asked.

"He made a gesture of impatience.
"If you like to put it that way, yes!
How can I go on staying here as things
are—the situation is impossible, and

are—the situation is impossible, and you know it as well as I do. For the last two months I've just dragged on from day to day, hoping that something will happen to—to change things. On might as well hope for a miracle—it would be a miracle now, I suppose. And so I'm going away; you are free to be a you like, you can stay here. do as you like; you can stay here live where you choose; you can have any money you want; you will not find that I shall be mean, anyway."
"And—and Mrs. Fernald?" Molly

answered. "You cannot blame me for having brought her to the house. It was not my wish; it's been terrible to have to sit by and see you two together. If you wanted to hurt me past endurance, it may give you a little satisfaction to know that you've done it by beinging Mrs. Fernald here." His wice was rough; when he stopped spaking she could hear his heavy weathing.

He waited a moment.
"I shall have to go to catch my train," he said more quietly. "If there is anything you want to say to me, I

is anything you want to say to me, I shall be only too pleased to do anything There is nothing—thank you."

It was an effort to answer; her lips let as if they were cut in ice.
"Then I will sny good-by!" Hy came toward her, but she did not raise He held out his hand.

"At least let us part friends, Molly !" said with a touch of humor in his sice. "You rather liked me once, you

She felt as if she must scream, but the stood with her hands clasped be-hind her back, not daring to even raise

yes. lood-by!" she said. She could not trust herself to touch He was moving now-now he had

reached the door; she heard his fingers on the handle—a second—he turned.
"I am not taking Wharton," he said. She looked up and her white face grew crimson from brow to chin. Not taking Wharton. Why had he said that? What did he mean? Could it be taking Wharton. Why had he that? What did he mean? Could it that he knew?

He half smiled, meeting her eyes.

"I have told him he is to join

have told him he is to join me, "he said in the same quiet voice, i somehow I think we both know he will not do that. Good-by,

And he had really gone. The door was shut between them; it was all over, all ended.

Molly moved across to the window; the stood there clutching at the heavy curtains: she felt as if she would fall.

The whole world seemed to have stopped living; over and over again she was echoing the words he had said

"It's been terrible to have to sit by and see you two together; if you wanted to hurt me past endurance, it may give you a little satisfaction to know that you've done it by bringing Mrs. Fernald here."

He had admitted it at last; he had told her in his own words that he loved Idlith—that it nurt him past endurance to see her here and know that he was

to see her here and know that he was

The last small hope to which she had ching unknowingly was dead.
"I can't bear it," Molly said aloud, but she knew that though her heart was broken, she had got to go on, day after day, month after month, always pretending that she did not care; suddenly she covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she said wildly, "if I could only die! If I could only die!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Bitterness of Regret The day dragged away; there was a wind, and the leaves were blown about the garden like frollesome Lilith sat over the fire and

"Has Mr. Harden gone away?" she demanded as soon as she saw Molly that morning. "You never told me he

was going."
"He went unexpectedly," Molly an-

The Absorbing Story of a Woman's Heart

This describes the remance which Ruby M. Ayres has written in "A Loveless

Marriage" Watch for it on this page Next Friday

swered. "He will only be away a day or two."

She wondered if Lilith believed her, or if she knew as well as any of them the reason, that had taken John to London.

She went out for a long walk in the morning; the boisterous wind stung her face and buffeted her cruelly; she came

be beart had seemed to stand still the she heard that message; it seemed if Fate was hurrying things on—wing her on to a precipitate end; it John away there would be nothing heep her from making her plans for the future.

Perhaps she would never see him with john as would never see him with he had asked would be the last time he and she would ever speak towher; she crossed the room and opened he door.

Idlith would not be up yet, of course; lifth never came downstairs till the she world had aired itself ready for her reception; Molly averted her eyes a he passed the door of the room where Lilith slept.

There is a big tree down in the park, "Wharton said. "The wind is tremendously high."

Molly laughed.

"Are you going to talk about the weather all lunch time?" she asked dry. When the moal had ended, she followed Wharton out into the hall.

"Do you know that John isn't coming back any more?" she asked.

He turned and looked down at her; his good-natured face had lost all its fresh chubbiness; he looked years older than he had done that day when he went to the station to said. "There is a big tree down in the park," Wharton said. "The wind is tremendously high."

Molly laughed.

"Do you know that John isn't coming back any more?" she asked dry."

It turned and looked down at her; his good-natured face had lost all its fresh chubbiness; he looked years older than he had done that day when he went to the station of the wind is the more of the park."

She smile, ready for the head asked dry."

She smiled, reading the stunned look in his eyes.

in his eyes.
"He isn't," she said dully. "He told Haden stood in the half a packed suitme so, and I don't care—I don't care
me stood near him; he came forward.
The stopped on the last stair; her
He did not answer.

tightened its hold of the balusinder tightened its hold

He found his voice. "And you—what can I do for you-Molly?"

She shivered.
"There's plenty of time," she said.
"Oh, there's so much time, if he isn't coming back any more."
She kept away from him all the rest

there a few days. You can tell every of the day; with every hour the finality of what she was about to do seemed to grow; she felt as if she carried an insupportable weight on her shoulders: supportable weight on her shoulders; Manor Dyke had never seemed so beautiful as now when she was making up her mind to leave it forever.

Molly and Lilith had tea together; the gale had risen in fury; the wind howled and moaned round the house

like a lost soul.

"I hate a wind!" Lilith said pettishly. "It's so full of memories."
She began to cry suddenly. "Happiness never lasts," she sobbed. "I think life is just hateful."

"So do I," said Molly. She looked

down into the fire with hard eyes. The wind was howling in the chimney, too, and seemed to be mocking her. John! Where was he now? What was he thinking? The ache at her heart was

unbearable. Wharton did not come in to dinner. "I can't bear a house without a man;" Lilith complained. Her nerves "She is here by your invitation," he "I think the least Mr. Wharton might have done would have been to stay in

tonight."
"He often goes out," Molly said indifferently. "He has ever so many

"He ought to get married," Mrs. Fer-nald said: "It's absurd for a young man like he is to be dangling about after you."

Molly looked at her across the table.

"Do you think he likes me?" Mrs. Fernald laughed affectedly.
"Goodness! How should I know?
He doesn't tell me! But it's absurd

the way he looks at you. I don't won-Moliv winced. "Does he get angry?" she said in-differently. She wondered why Lilith had said that. Surely she must know that John did not really mind at all! But Mrs. Fernald would say no

more; she excused herself on a plea of headache as soon as dinner was ended and went off to bod; Molly was left ulone. She sat down on the rug by the fire, and listened to the wind round the house; she could not remember ever having heard it so wild before; there would be many more trees down in the

park in the morning, she thought. She wondered where Wharton had gone; if he had stayed out purposely. Perhaps now he was as afraid as she was; perhaps now he felt the same desire to draw back that was growing in her own heart.

How would they feel for the rest of their lives if they felt like this now—

before their life together had ever be-"It's only just at first," she tried to comfort herself. "I shall be very happy with him when I can forget all about John."

Her face quivered; she bit her lip hard. "Tomerrow. I will go tomorrow." she decided; after all, so much might hap-pen in a few hours; perhaps tomorrow

ever would come. She was going to bed when she heard. Wharton come in; she paused for a moment at the top of the stairs and to his step in the hall. He feet dragged; she heard him sigh.
"Tomorrow," she thought again. "I

## will go when tomorrow comes. CHAPTER XXXIV

A Dream She wondered if he would like her to go down and speak to him; it was still quite early—only half-past 9—but what could she say to him? She dreaded be-

ing alone with him now.
"After tomorrow we shall have all the rest of our lives to talk to one another," she thought; she went on into her own room and shut and locked the

She was sleeping here for the last time; the warmth and prettiness of the room comferted her; for one more night she was in her own home; she undressed and sat down by the fire.

The wind had not gone down at all;

The wind and not gone down at all; it howled and howled.

Molly felt lonely; she wished Lilith would come down and talk to her; the house was so large, and it felt so empty, and the wind at the windows and in the chimney was like a clamor-

ing voice.
The fire made her feel sleepy a the voice of the wind soothed her; she put out the light and went back to the big chair by the fire—it was soft and cushioned; presently she fell asleep.

CONTINUED TOMORROW



home worn out.

Wharton lunched with them; he hardly spoke; he avoided looking at



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says one sees very few of the new silver dollars and she supposes many have been withdrawn from circulation by the philatelists.

MICKEY MeGUIRE'S TWO CENTS By FONTAINE FOX TELL MICKY MEGUIRE TELL MICHY MEGUINE THE MAN'S HENE SLOT MACHINE HE PUT TWO CENTS IN AN' DION GET HUTHIM' OUT

SCHOOL DAYS

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PETEY-At Palm Beach



HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME

BAD LUCK - BLOWOUT

OR SOMETHING





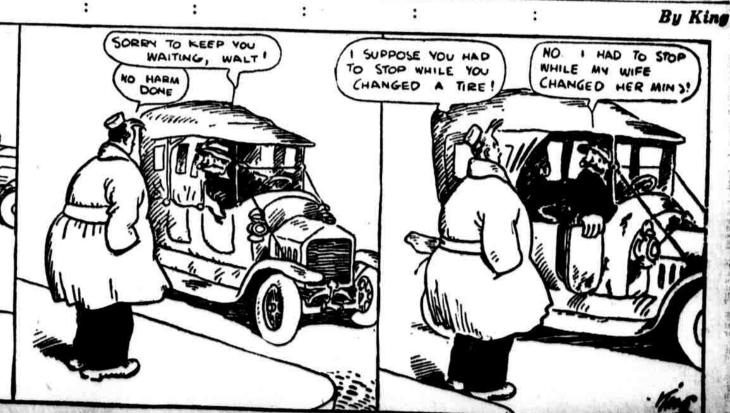
GASOLINE ALLEY-A Little Change Now and Then

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S

KEEPING AVERY! HE WAS

GOING TO PICK ME UP

RIGHT HERE AT



By DWIG